THE BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

W. R. STOKE, Editor & Proprietor.

GREAT BEND. - - - - KANSAS.

PEGGY'S HAND.

It is the baby's hand I sing:
The baby's hand. So small a thing
Needs but little song, you say:
A few sweet words that slip away
On sweet notes, falling one by one,
And then the little song is done.

Think you a breath will serve to sing
The little dimpled dainty thing?
If every apple bloom took heart,
And to the music lent a part,
If every leaf upon the tree
Should tremble into melody
With summer wind and meadow rill,
And birds should twitter, pipe and trill,
Yet when the evening shadows fell,
There would be more than half to tell.

A little song! My love would reach
The sweetest words of English speech,
And finding every one amiss,
Blend all sweet words in one warm kiss.

Sometimes with heavy heart I go
About my household tasks, and slow
Tears hurt my eyes. Ah, then I creep
Where little Peggy lies asleep:
The white sweet blossom of her hand
I kiss as there in tears I stand.
Tell me the secret of that power
That sends me singing for an hour.
The laying on of hands—I see
The meaning of that mystery.

I sing the baby's hand; and yet
I surely never would forget
The baby's mouth, the baby's smile.
I know I'd sooner miss a mile
Of flower-white meadows in the sun,
With lace of grasses overspun,
For daisies blossom every year;
Next spring her smile may not be here.

I sing the baby's hand. But stay!
For know you not that on the way
I pass the baby's silken hair,
Ruffled by breezes here and there?
To me 'twould little wonder be
To catch a breath of melody:
What wind would seek for fairer strings
To give its soul of music wings?

What mortal lips could be so near
And leave unkissed the baby's ear,
Untouched the dimple that lurks in
The tiny, rounded, fragrant chin?
And underneath the chin—ah! there
Lie kisses all unseen as air.
Yet there I know they are, as true
As they in clouds like white moth flew.

Ah, Peggy Sunshine, dear thou art,
Best of the treasures of my heart.
The patter of thy little feet
I know not from my own heart beat.
Ah, baby dear, if this be true,
That all the love I have for you
Is but a hint whereby I guess
At God's unmeasured tenderness,
Then every soul of every race,
Guided by Love, will find Love's place.
For reads it not in Holy Writ:
"He seeketh till he findeth it?"
I will be glad at heart, and trust,
If Love crestes, redeem Love must.

But 'tis the baby's hand I sing.
On, little song! Upon the wing
Of rhyme and music flutter fast,
For now the day is nearly past;
And know'st thou not at set of sun
Thy little singing must be done?
For then begins the song that seems
To lure her to her happiest dreams—
A drowsy measure, soft and slow,
Of little waves that come and go;
A merry measure, low and light,
Of "lammies" tinkling home at night.
Ah, oft I've sung in tender tone,
Her little hand within my own,
While her white eyelids softly sank
Like white lambs on a violet bank.

Alas! the evening chimes are rung;
Her little hand is half unsung.
You sigh: you think the little song
By many a word and note too long.
Poor dull of heart! what would you do
If I should sing the baby through?

—Christine C. Brush, in Harper's Bazar.

ZEPHANIAH EZEKIEL.

His Lengthy and Futile Attempt to Escape Punishment.

It was eleven o'clock on a forenoon when our grandfathers were young. The scholars in Aunt Sally Woodbridge's long dining-room knew it was eleven, because every day at that hour the tin baker went down upon the kitchen hearth with a bang, and the coffee-mill, nailed to one side of a window-casing, was heard sending forth its periodical clatter.

In those days not only did the master of the district school "board round," but the school likewise accompanied the master in his peregrinations from house to house, in each of which a room and a few chairs, settles or boxes were set apart for the cause of education.

The long, old-fashioned dining-room of the Woodbridge domicile was at present given up during a few hours of each day to this excelent use. But no sooner had the master's stout ferule rapped smartly on his little green table at twelve o'clock, than a transformation scene took place in the interest of hungry Woodbridges.

I am an hour ahead of my story, however, and must go back. The bang of the tin baker had just been heard, and Aunt Sally's hand had now grasped the handle of the coffee-mill with its usual vigorous touch, when Zephaniah Ezekiel Trask, a youth who frequently varied the monotony of school life by efforts to amuse himself, slyly shied a small wad of paper, with the evident intention of lodging it in the open mouth of a member of the arithmetic class, who was deeply absorbed in the interesting process of subtracting one-half from seven-eighths.

Unlucky shot! The paper pellet went wide of its mark, and glancing from the forehead of its intended victim, struck the nose of the dignified but peppery master!

The whole school saw it, some with carefully-concealed glee, and others with unbounded amazement, as if the whole fabric of Learning had been menaced. On the face of one small boy was such a mingled look of fear, consternation and despair that his detection was an easy matter, although the master was somewhat advanced in years, and wore huge goggles over his eyes.

"Zephaniah Ezekiel," roared the master, "take off your jacket and come here!"

The old man's eyes were flashing behind their huge casing of glass, while his hand clasped firmly the long hardwood ruler which could boast an intimate acquaintance with every boy in the room.

To what extent the vials of his wrath would have been poured out upon the present victim, had not good-fortune, in the person of Aunt Sally, appeared at the door, I am not able to state. But certain it was that while poor Zephaniah Ezekiel stood in jacketless dejection beneath the upraised hickory, the mistress of the kitchen, having given a final rap upon the side of the mill to shake the remaining grains of coffee down, and having given the last twirl to the handle, appeared at the door. Beckoning the school-teacher into the kitchen, she inquired whether he preferred sage or summer savory as seasoning in a meat-stew.

So important a matter required deliberation, since a meat-stew improperly seasoned possesses few attractions to a cultivated palate. A considerable period was thus afforded the small culprit on the other side of the door in which to do some hard thinking.

Had there been an outside door at hand, or an open window, this story would never have been written. That outside door or open window would have introduced Zephaniah to a long stretch of open country outside, ere the squeak of the master's retiring footsteps had died away; but no such avenue of escape offered itself.

The Woodbridge house, like many other early dwellings in the State of Maine, was built with huge stone chimneys, and broad hearths formed of single slabs of stone. These open fire-places had enormous iron cranes suspended from one side, from which kettles could be hung over the fire.

Such a fire-place, near the master's table, caught Zephaniah's eye as he gazed wildly about for a chance of escape. The fire was nearly dead upon the hearth, sending up only a light line of smoke through the wide chimney. The disturber of arithmetical calculations was seized with a sudden idea, which he promptly put into practice. He had just safely climbed upon the huge crane, and so disappeared from sight, when the teacher, having at length decided that, on the whole, summer savory was best calculated to add spice and character to a meat stew, returned to the school-room to get up an appetite for the coming repast by muscular exercise upon the back of Zephaniah Ezekiel.

No individual of this name, however, fell under the gaze of the goggles, as they were turned from one corner of the room to the other. Their unavailing search might have been prolonged for a considerable period, had not the eyes of some half-dozen small boys been riveted earnestly upon the spot where, shortly before, a youthful pair of legs had disappeared.

Quick detection followed.

"Come down, you young rascal!" roared the pedagogue, stooping over the huge brass andirons till a pair of well-worn cowhide boots came into sight above. "I'll larn ye to slip off when my back is turned! Come down, I tell ye!"

Accompanying this cordial invitation to descend were sundry vigorous raps with the tongs upon the boots before mentioned. These attentions caused the occupant of the chimney to squirm and dance up and down upon the crane, upon which his footing was not too secure.

The chimney, as I have said, was built of stone. The inside, of course, had many pockets and projections, formed by the unequal thickness of the stones. Zephaniah's position on the crane was becoming so extremely uncomfortable—not to speak of the probability of his slipping from it into the hands of avenging discipline below—that he made a further effort for escape. He cautiously grasped a projecting rock, and drew himself up till he found secure footing.

This new move increased the fury of the master to a white heat.

"I'll bring ye down, if I have to crawl up after ye!" he shouted.

I am unable to say whether or not he would really have endangered the whiteness of his broad expanse of shirt-bosom and high linen dickey in the soot-lined cavity now occupied by a very black-handed boy. Certain it was that he had moved the kettle from the crane and pushed aside the andirons, when his eye caught sight of a pile of birch bark, which was stored in a box at one side of the chimney, and used for kindling fires. To such a use the infuriated trainer of young ideas now proceeded to put it.

With nervous haste he transferred a large pile of it to the fire-place, and soon had a dense smoke rolling up the chimney, to the horror and amazement of the on-looking pupils.

"Now we'll see if ye'll come down!" grimly shouted the master, as he threw piece after piece of the bark upon the writhing mass already lighted. No boots appeared, however. The smoke grew denser and denser, and still there came no sound from the chimney.

Zephaniah Ezekiel had not been idle. Finding that he could go up one step, there was suggested the idea of continuing on to the top of the chimney, a feat easy of accomplishment in one of those enormous, old-fashioned stone structures. Crawling carefully up from one projecting stone to another, now lifting himself with his hands and now with his feet, his head at last emerged into the open air at the very instant that the master started the fire.

Swinging himself out over the top, he slipped down upon the roof, which was low, and sloped gradually down over a back kitchen to within six feet of the ground. Just as he slipped over the edge of the chimney, one of the top stones, loosened by the weather, was knocked from its resting-place and bounded down the chimney with much bumping from side to side. Zephaniah, terrified by this catastrophe, slid down the roof and disappeared behind some bushes.

In his eagerness to watch the smoking-out of his offending pupil, the master had dropped on hands and knees upon the edge of the hearth. He was peering up through the dense cloud of smoke when the rock, loosened from the top, came bounding down upon the hearth, bringing with it a cloud of soot, and dropping with a thud into the coal and ashes.

It was like the sudden discharge of a volcano. The soot and ashes filled the eyes, nose, ears and wide-open mouth of the head of the school, while coals and burning bark were scattered in every direction.

Zephaniah, having placed a goodly distance between himself and the scene of his escapade, stopped at a small brook to remove some of the soot from his hands and face, and then to consider what he should do next.

He was a "bound boy," who had been taken from the care of the town by a shiftless family of the district, from whom he received kicks, cuffs and very scanty food in return for all the labor that could be got from his small body, when the contract with the town did not compel a certain number of weeks' attendance at school.

He knew that if he returned to school he would receive a most unmerciful flogging. If he returned to the place he called home, the same emphatic attention would be bestowed upon him as soon as a report from the school should have reached his master.

The result of his deliberations was that Zephaniah Ezekiel was seen no more in that neighborhood for many a day. Various stories were set on foot accounting for his disappearance, none of which agreed in any essential particular.

In the meantime the master, having recovered from the disagreeable effects of soot and ashes upon his learned person, continued to drive home many important educational truths with the flat side of his hickory ruler. The school moved from house to house throughout the district; summer, with feminine authority, succeeded the season of vigorous masculine rule, until winter came again.

Two years had passed, and the school was once more assembled in Aunt Sally Woodbridge's dining-room, with the same stern old man looking sharply after mischievous boys through the same enormous goggles. On a mild forenoon, when the water was dripping from the eaves outside, and the class in the Fourth Reader inside was mournfully "tolling the knell of parting day," Zephaniah Ezekiel Trask came sauntering up the road.

He had grown to be a great, lumbering boy, with arms and legs extremely long. He had evidently learned that the family to which he had been "bound" had moved away, leaving him free to make what shift he could for himself. Where he had been or what he had been doing were points on which he was very reticent.

While passing up the road, he learned from some farm-laborer whom he met that school was in session at the Woodbridge house, and that his old adversary was in command. Coming in sight of the house, a desire to torment the learned gentleman took possession of him.

Seeing no one about the rear of the dwelling, he stealthily climbed a wall and came out behind the back kitchen. Having provided himself with a large stone from the wall, he climbed first upon the water-hogshead under the eaves, and thence gained the roof and cautiously crept up to the chimney. Swinging himself to the top, he seated himself upon one side, with his feet hanging down within, and posing the rock over the middle of the opening, he let it drop.

But, alas! in his eagerness he leaned too far forward, and slipping from the icy stone on which he sat, he bounded down the flue as if shot from a catapult, gathering a good deal of soot on his passage down.

The houses of those days were low, so that he had not far to drop. Still he was moving with considerable rapidity when he appeared in the open fire-place, and it was with considerable energy that he sat down in the bed of ashes on the hearth, marked on all the prominent parts of his anatomy with streaks of soot.

His sudden appearance had a startling effect upon the scholars, but the grim old master, recognizing the situation, promptly seized this doleful specimen of fallen humanity by the collar, as if the savory meat-stew, the dance on the crane and the birch-bark fire were things of the present moment.

Sarcastically remarking: "So ye concluded to come down, did ye?" he gave, then and there, most forcible proof that his right arm had lost none of its cunning, nor the hickory ruler any of its impressiveness. There was an interest account, too, which the master settled at the same time, on the liberal compound system of reckoning.

"Now ye take your book and larn your lesson," said the grim perceptor, as he released Zephaniah Ezekiel; "and don't ye throw any more paper balls. Take your seat, ye young rascal!"—Webb Donnell, in Youth's Companion.

Making Hay.

The dairy is an incumbrance without good fodder. Since last year when many were compeled to save their own fodder, there has been a determination to preserve large quantities of corn fodder in good shape. It is a wise determination. Good corn fodder is excelent for cows. But some hay must be fed and it should be good hay. But it matter not how much nature may do in furnishing the grass, if the crop is not properly harvested we shall have poor hay. The general rules applicable to cutting the grass are very well known. It is too often the case, however, that the grass is but too ripe. There is no good reason for this. Beyond a certain point the woody fiber increases very rapidly, and the hay is poorer as the woody fiber does increase. Grass should be cut first when it contains the greatest amount of nutriment. The grass, when cut, ought not to be in a dry condition. Cut it before it has ceased to be green, when it is in blossom, is the rule generally laid down. There is one thing that should be guarded against and that is being unnecessarily hurried in saving the grass crop. Be prepared to commence cutting just as soon as the grass is ready to cut. Have every thing in readiness to go right ahead without a hitch.—Western Rural.

—The Churchman, speaking of the death of Damien, the leper priest, says that outside of the walls of Jerusalem is a lepers' hospital tended by deaconesses from the German religious houses. "Year after year these heroic women, without pretentiousness, without any trumpeting of their work, almost unknown to the world, have waited upon lepers, while they were literally dying by inches. Their courage has only come to light by the chance notice of travelers."

ARE WE DISAPPEARING?

The Wearing Away of the Earth by the Action of River and Sea.

Resistless changes are in progress the whole world over; and though we seem to be now happily free from those dire convulsions which in past ages engulfed continents, and raised others from the deep, the slow but relentless wearing away of the land surfaces of the globe goes on night and day; every storm that blows, every shower that falls, adds its share to the work; and though the fate of islands that have disappeared may never befall any existing land area of substantial size, the mean height of the land above the sea is yearly decreasing, and it is more than probable that the actual area is also growing less. For example, the tearing away of the soft cliffs of some of our Eastern counties may be compensated for in part or by silting up of shallow estuaries, or the gradual addition of land at other points; but there is no doubt that a considerable portion of this matter is carried to sea and helps slowly to fill up the ocean depths. As to the capacity of those depths there is unquestionably room enough therein to engulf every atom of dry land, and still to leave many scores of fathoms of water over the surface of the globe. But the rate at which the process goes on by means of the action of tides and ocean currents, though extremely rapid at certain points, both on our own coasts and elsewhere, is, on the whole, of little comparative importance. It will neither deprive us, within a practical period, of any considerable area of valuable land, nor will it fill up to inconvenient shallowness any of the navigable seas. If, however, we enlarge the subject to that of land denudation, and the silting up of the ocean depths generally, we have an intensely interesting theme. Every river—every little rill that trickles from the higher lands—carries down its contribution of organic and mineral matters. The hardest rocks even are disintegrated in time by the action of rain and frost, and every thunder-storm or heavy fall of rain furrows the hillsides and charges the flood-waters heavily with solid matters, which when carried out to sea are slowly deposited. The Challenger expedition found these deposits at distances of about 150 miles from the nearest land; while the amount of solid matter which such streams as the Mississippi, the Amazon, the Congo, the Nile and the Yellow river of China carry to the sea in a year is scarcely credible. It has, however, been calculated that on the average, as nearly as possible, rivers on entering the sea contain 28 grains of solid matter to the cubic foot of water; and from this the following curious results are obtained. The Rhine, a fairly average stream, carries to the sea 145,980 cubic feet of solid matter per day; and the proportion, applied to all the rivers of the earth, comes to roundly 130 cubic miles of matter per annum. Carrying the calculation a little further, on the basis of an average height of the dry land above the sea level of 600 feet we find that this average annual loss is equal to 1,170 square miles of the earth's surface. It does not follow that the earth's dry land area is diminished by that amount, but simply that the actual mass of solid matter above the sea level is annually diminished by a mass of matter equal in area to the entire county of Kent, and to an average depth of 450 feet. It further means that if the whole of this energy could be brought to bear on the British Islands alone, they would disappear in less than a century, even if the tides left our coasts untouched. Yet again, taking the entire dry-land surface of the earth at an average elevation of 600 feet, as before, above the sea level, we have a total mass of matter not exceeding six millions of cubic miles. Then, assuming the present rate of wearing away to go on by river action alone, i. e., 130 cubic miles per annum, we should have as the result, at the end of about 45,000 years, that the entire land surface of the globe, save a few isolated peaks of the more durable rocks, would have disappeared—the said peaks, like that of Teneriffe, standing grim and solitary guardians over an otherwise unbroken waste of waters.—London Standard.

NO CURE FOR BALDNESS.

Fortune Awaits the Man Who Can Solve the Riddle.

"Can hair be made to grow on bald heads?" said a fashionable hairdresser, in response to a reporter's query: "Yes—and no. If a person becomes bald owing to illness the hair can be made to grow again. In fact, it will grow again without making, but it can be aided and stimulated in its growth by tonics. But if a person is deprived of his or her hair by natural loss of vitality, it will not grow again, and nothing has ever been compounded that will restore it. Natural baldness comes on gradually, and the awful day of its complete triumph over the hair's existence may be postponed by the use of tonics, but the final catastrophe can't be prevented. Long experience has taught me that fact, although years ago I had the personal opinion of the renowned Dr. Bazin, of Paris, to that effect. I have dressed heads for more than a quarter of a century. I have lamented with hundreds of my patrons from whose heads not only the hand of time but the indiscretions and carelessness of youth were gradually but persistently plucking the natural and often luxuriant covering, and have annointed, drenched and plastered their too apparent polls with lotions, tonics and pomatums, and rubbed and kneaded and manipulated their failing scalps until, if there had been one ember of hair life left slumbering there, it must surely have been brought back to its wonted fire and vigor, and have given it up at last and handed them the card of the wig-maker. If I have used one hair restorative I have used five hundred, and every one was warranted to not only prevent baldness, but to restore to bald heads their sometime hirsute glory. Look at me. See what a remarkable growth of youthful gloss of hair I have. It has not changed in twenty-five years. Why?"

The hair-dresser seized his soft brown hair with both hands, and with a vicious jerk removed it from his head. It was a costly wig, and his head was as white and bare as a billiard ball.

"That is why!" he murmured bitterly. "And I am not only a hair-dresser, but one skilled in every tonsorial art! If there were help for baldness other than the skill of the wigmaker, do you suppose for a moment that I, of all men, would not know it, and, knowing it, would not only have rescued myself, but have saved to myself hundreds of my most profitable customers? If that is not proof enough that a man once bald is always bald, just call to mind doctors of your own acquaintance who are bald as glass globes. They are learned in the mysteries of drugs and their preparation. They know what result their combination and application will produce. If any one living were capable of curing baldness some one among these experts in the science of medicine ought to be. You never had occasion to go to a doctor to get a prescription for baldness. I have.

"'Come to me for a cure for any thing else,' my medical adviser said. 'Any thing else,' said he, 'and I will cure you. But baldness! Why my dear sir, Esculapius himself was as bald as—as bald as—well, as bald as I am!'

"And he was bald, this doctor of mine. An onion has more hair than he had! No, my son. If there lurked anywhere in all the medica, of not only of this age but of past ages, the name of one little herb or drug, or whatever you may call it, that could bid even one hair to grow where there had been ten before, there would be no bald doctors nor bald hairdressers, and the discoverer of this boon would live longer in the hearts of men than would the much-spoken-of individual who is expected to reach the summit of all greatness some day by making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

EXOTIC LITERATURE.

A Protest Against the Tendencies of Writers of Fiction.

The erotic in American fiction is a recent and exotic growth, not native to the soil. It is, therefore, unhealthy and unwholesome. It is out of place in this cold, northern air. In its own climate it is a gaudy flower; in this temperate zone it is a poisonous spotted lily, rank of smell and blistering to the touch. The licentiousness of Theophile Gautier is elevated by the power of his transcendant genius to the plane of true art. In America it sinks into a denizen of the gutter.

A remarkable feature of this noxious development is the prominent part taken in it by women. It is somewhat startling to find upon the title page of a work whose cold, deliberate immorality and cynical disregard of all social decency have set the teeth on edge the name of woman as the author. We are so accustomed to associate modesty of demeanor, delicay of thought and word and purity of life with women that a certain set of adjectives expressive of virtue and morality have come to include the idea of femininity in their signification. It is certainly surprising, if not repellent, to find women the most industrious laborers in the work of tearing down the structure of honor and respect for their sex which has so long been regarded as the basis of social existence.

If this breaking of the holy images be but another manifestation of the revolt of women against the too narrow limits of ancient prejudice, it is only additional proof that misguided revolution easily becomes mere anarchy. While the dispensation which would confine women to the nursery and kitchen and exclude them from broader fields of action is happily a deadletter, it is quite certain that no condition of civilization, however liberal, will ever justify loose morals or lax manners, or, what is almost as reprehensible and much more despicable, the cynicism which sneers at virtue while it prudently keeps its own skirts unsoiled. But it is probable that the women who write this kind of fiction are misled by vanity rather than actuated by evil impulses. They imagine that in thus throwing off all restraint they are giving evidence of originality of thought and force of character; whereas they are, in fact, courting unworthy suspicion and winning only that sort of applause which is thinly-vailed contempt.—Belford's Magazine.

Vacquero Horsemanship.

In the days when I was a cowboy in Old Mexico the vacqueros knew how to ride. Those fellows who go around with wild west shows can't ride a little bit. See one of them lean out of his saddle to pick up something on the ground! He hooks his foot behind his saddle and can hardly reach his hat on the ground as the horse lopes by. The vacquero I used to ride with could pick up a pin on the ground with the horse at full gallop. The rider would hitch the spur on one foot in the sinch of the saddle and the little bells on the heel, falling into the rowels of the spur, would hold the foot as firmly to the sinch as if it had been tied there. Then the rider could throw his whole body out of the saddle and could reach the very smallest object on the ground. Nowadays the cowboys don't seem to understand that trick. In fact, one of them told me once that the only use of the little bells on the spurs was to jingle and add to the dashing appearance of the horseman.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—A sheriff in the State of New York was in the habit of carrying a loaded revolver, and at night he kept it near his bedside. On one occasion he was awakened in the night by some one crawling upon the roof of a shed which secured access to an open window. The sheriff took his weapon and pointed it in the direction of the window. A man's head appeared and then his body. He was so sure of his man that he exclaimed: "Who's there?" "Jo," was the reply. The voice of his son, who had lost his latch-key, was so startling that the sheriff never carried a weapon again while he held office.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—There are six female police officers in London at the present time, and it has been decided to add seven more to their number.

—Queen Victoria still has her boots made in the old-fashioned way—elastic sides, soft kid uppers, pointed toe-caps and low heels.

—There is a National Foot Path Protection Society in England. Its object is to resist attempted encroachments on footpaths or roadside land. It has fifteen branches and a membership of several thousand.

—London has twenty-nine vegetarian restaurants, the staple articles of whose bill of fare are the cereals, the legumes such as peas, beans, haricots and lentils, and various kinds of fruit.

—The English Duke of St. Albans receives a pension of $100 a week as Master of the Hawks, although hawking has completely died out in England. He is a direct descendent of Nell Gwynne.

—Death from misadventure was the verdict returned in the inquest of an English laborer who met his death by sucking one of a number of pheasants' eggs laid about the grounds of his employer for the purpose of killing vermin.

—Prescot, in Lancashire, a town long famous for its watches and watch tools, has been losing its trade of late, and when it was clear that something would have to be done, there was a meeting in the Town Hall, at which it was resolved to start watch factories on the American plan, with improved machinery and processes. A company was formed with £100,000 capital.

—According to the Paradise of the Pacific, published at Honolulu, that city publishes three daily and three weekly papers in the Hawaiian language, two daily and two weekly papers in English, two weeklies in Portuguese, one weekly in Chinese and two religious and one agricultural monthlies. The papers are well printed and edited as in like-sized communities in the States.

—Miss Hildyard, who became governess to the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal when they were little children, died a short time ago. They always remained her devoted friends, and the Princess would always greet her with an affectionate kiss, it is stated, whether they met in private or in public.

—The Sultan of Morocco is gradually beginning to understand that the world is not afraid of him. A diplomat who was received by him the other day kept his hat on during the reception, which took place in the open air, and the Sultan did not resent it. Heretofore he has compeled diplomats to stand bareheaded before him while he sat on horseback.

—Members of the Institute of France appear, as a class, to be extremely long-lived. The late M. Chevreul was a notable example; indeed, he is the only member who ever lived beyond a century. Yet, although he entered the institute at the comparatively early age of forty, he is only fourth on the list as far as official life is concerned. Cassini was a member for seventy-five years. Fontenelle sixty-six, and Jussieu sixty-three, M. Chevreul, at the time of his death, had been a member sixty-two years.

—Sportsmen in India are attacking a set of rules lately promulgated by the Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, the effect of which is to put a practically prohibitive tax on big-game shooting in that part of the peninsula. The central provinces contain many thousand square miles of forest land, which have been the happy hunting ground of the Anglo-Indians. The result is that tigers, panthers and other beasts have been getting scarce, and the local officials have determined to "preserve" the game for their own amusement.

—Kaiser William's predilection for the navy has now become a by-word. His Majesty loses no opportunity for showing the officers and men of his fleet that he wishes to secure for them as privileged a position as that always enjoyed in Prussia by the army. Naval reviews are now as popular, and there seems a probability of their becoming almost as frequent as military spectacles. Instead of spending the summer at Ems, or at some other inland watering places, the Kaiser intends to trust to the saline breezes of the deep for the annual restoration of health and the recreation necessary after the hard work of a Berlin winter.

VICTORIA'S DAILY LIFE.

A Peep at the Inner Scenes of the Queen of England's Household.

The inner life of the court has little in it to tempt a Sybarite—simplicity, dutifulness, conscientious performance of work are its characteristics. At nine her Majesty breakfasts alone, unless some of her children, grandchildren or personal friends are staying in the palace, and she is rarely without them. In summer, at Osborne, Windsor or Balmoral, this meal is generally served out of doors, in some alcove, tent or summer-house, after which the Queen drives in a small pony carriage, accompanied by one of the Princesses, or she walks attended by a lady-in-waiting or maid of honor, with whom she converses with friendly ease, and followed by two Highland servants and some favorite dogs.

Luncheon is served at two, the convives being Her Majesty's family or royal guests. Until this hour, from her short after-breakfast exercise, the Queen is diligently occupied with official correspondence and business of various kinds. Long training has made her a politician of no mean ability and breadth of view, her natural common sense forming an admirable basis for such a superstructure. It assists, too, in enabling her to choose her friends well and wisely, though the court surroundings are not calculated to help royal personages in forming a just judgment of character. Human nature puts on a somewhat too angelic guise, where every thing may be won by amiability and nothing by the reverse.

In the mornings the maids of honor (they are nine in all) in waiting for the time are with the Princesses, reading or practicing on the piano, singing or playing lawn tennis with them, as any young ladies, companions together, might. The lady-in-waiting accompanies the Queen in her afternoon drives and visits, which are most frequently to the poor and to humble workers, often to simple gentry or any one in trouble. Afterward this lady reads aloud to Her Majesty in her private sitting room.

The royal dinner hour is 8:30, and that meal is shared by those of the royal family then residing with the Queen, by distinguished visitors and some of the household in rotation, viz., lord and ladies in waiting, maids of honor, equerries and grooms-in-waiting, this latter official holding a considerably lower position than the equerry, though to the uninstructed it sounds like a distinction without a difference.

The Queen is a woman of strict business habits and steady application. The amount of correspondence she gets through is enormous. In the private portion of this correspondence Her Majesty is assisted by her private secretary, a lady-in-waiting, and a maid of honor, especially the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, one of the ladies, who is a valued friend.

When the court is at Windsor the members of the household in attendance are one lady-in-waiting (these ladies are always peeresses), two maids of honor, a lord-in-waiting, two equerries, one groom-in-waiting, also the keeper of the privy purse, the private secretary, assistants in both departments and the master of the household. The attendance is the same at Osborne and Balmoral, with the exception of the lord-in-waiting.

To attend to Her Majesty's toilet and wardrobe there are five maids, viz., three dressers and two wardrobe women. The senior dresser, who has been many years with Her Majesty, is specially charged with the work of conveying orders to different tradespeople — jewelers, drapers, dressmakers, etc.; one dresser and one wardrobe woman are in constant attendance on the Queen, taking alternate days.

Dress is a matter in which, even in her young days, Her Majesty does not appear to have taken much interest. At present her perpetual mourning allows of no crude color combinations. Some of us elders have a pleasant, if vague, recollection of Victoria Regina a good many years ago, say forty or forty-three, in a very simple and becoming bonnet tied beneath the chin, a wreath of wild roses under the brim framing a sweet, kindly young face. Ah, me! sorrow and experience have writ their cruel marks on hers and ours since then.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

WHENCE WHEAT CAME.

Classic Accounts of the Distribution of the Precious Cereal.

Wheat, which is now the bread corn of twelve European nations, and is fast supplanting maize in America and several inferior grains in India, was no doubt widely grown in the prehistoric world. The Chinese cultivated it 2700 B. C. as a gift direct from Heaven; the Egyptians attributed its origin to Isis and the Greeks to Ceres. A classic account of the distribution of wheat over the primeval world shows that Ceres, having taught her favorite Triptolemus agriculture and the art of bread-making, gave him her chariot, a celestial vehicle which he used in useful travels for the purpose of distributing corn to all nations. Ancient monuments show that the cultivation of wheat had been established in Egypt before the invasion of the shepherds, and there is evidence that more productive varieties of wheat have taken the place of one at least, of the ancient sorts. Innumerable varieties exist of common wheat. Colonel Le Couteur, of Jersey, cultivated 150 varieties. Mr. Darwin mentions a French gentleman who had collected 322 varieties, and the great firm of French seed merchants, Vilmorin-Andrieux et Cie., cultivate about twice as many in their trial grounds near Paris. In their recent work on "Les Meilleurs Bles" M. Henry L. de Vilmorin has described sixty-eight varieties of best wheat, which he has classed into seven groups, though these groups can hardly be called distinct species, since M. Henry L. de Vilmorin has crossbred three of them, *Triticum vulgare*, *Triticum turgidum* and *Triticum durum*, and has found the offspring fertile. Three small-grained varieties of common wheat were cultivated by the first lake dwellers of Switzerland (time of Trojan war), and as well as by the less ancient lake dwellers of Western Switzerland and of Italy, by the people of Hungary in the stone age, and by the Egyptians on the evidence of a brick of a pyramid in which a grain was imbedded, and to which the date of 3359 B. C. has been assigned. The existence of names for wheat in the most ancient languages confirms this evidence of the antiquity of its culture in all the more temperate parts of Europe, Asia and Africa, but it seems improbable that wheat has ever been found growing persistently in a wild state, although the fact has often been asserted by poets, travelers and historians. In the Odyssey, for example, we are told that wheat grew in Sicily without the aid of man, but a blind poet could not have seen this himself, and a botanical fact can hardly be accepted from a writer whose own existence has been contested. Diodorus repeats the tradition that Osiris found wheat and barley growing promiscuously in Palestine, but neither this nor other discoveries of persistent wild wheat seem to us to be credible, seeing that wheat does not appear to be endowed with a power of persistency except under culture.—Edinburgh Review.

—The following remarkable instrument is the last will and testament of Dolly Jones (colored), of Jasper, Fla., and was signed September 27, 1888: "Farder I want you to take them 2 cows and my biG Pot and 5 head of hoGs and keepe them as long as you live it is my Will for you to have them and do the best you can cos I must di and cant live you must mete me in hevean when dun with wourld."